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An Old Umbrella.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

An old umbrella in the hall,
Battered and baggy quaint and queer—
By all the rains of many a year
Bent, stained and faded—that is all.

Warped, broken, twisted by the blast
Of twenty winters, till at last,
Like some poor close-reefed schooner cast,
All water-logged, with half a mast,
Upon the rocks, it finds a nook
Of shelter on an entry hook;
Old battered craft, how came you here?

Ah! could it speak, 'twould tell of one—
Old Simon Dowles, who now is gone—
Gone where the weary are at rest—
Of one who locked within his breast
His private sorrows o'er his lot,
And in his humble work forgot
That he was but a toiling bark
Upon the billows in the dark,
While the brave newer ships swept by,
Sailing beneath a prosperous sky,
And winged with opportunities
Fate had denied to hands like his.

A plain old-fashioned wight was he
As these sport-loving days could see
He in his youth had loved and lost
His loyal true love. Ever since
His lonely life was flecked and crossed
By sorrow's nameless shadow tints
Yet never a murmur from his lips
Told of his darkened soul's eclipse.
I often think I still can hear
His voice so blithe, his tones of cheer,
As, dropping in to say "good-day,"
He gossiped in his old man's way.
And yet we laughed when he had gone.
We youngsters couldn't understand—
No matter if it rained or shone,
He held the umbrella in his hand,
Or if he set it in the hall,
Where other shedders of the rain
Stood dripping up against the wall,
His was too shabby and too plain
To tempt exchange: all passed it by,
Though showers of rain were pouring down,
And all the gutters of the town
Were torrents in the darkening sky.
He never left it once behind,
Save the last time he crossed our door,
Oblivious shadows o'er his mind
Presaged his failing strength. Before
The morning he had passed away
In peaceful sleep from night to day.
And here the old brown umbrella still
In its old corner stays to fill
The place, as best it may be, of him
Who, on this wild and wintry night,
Is surely with the saints of light;
For whom my eyes grow moist and dim
While I this simple rhyme indite.

Maude's Mistake.

"Marry Justin St. John? No!"

"But why 'no' so emphatically, Maude? I know you love him."

The pink on Maude's face glowed to a guilty crimson, as gentle Lucy Mordaunt looked up, a quiet, searching inquiry in her calm, truthful eyes.

"You are accustomed to drawing very unwarranted conclusions, my dear Lucy, perhaps this is one of them."

Miss Campbell's voice had a hard, metallic ring in its clear tones as she thus lightly answered, and she laughed loudly, but it was a constrained merriment.

"Look at me, Maude, dear."

Lucy went from her chair over to the scarlet lounge, whereon Maude, in her floating white dress, looked like a lily among roses. She took both Miss Campbell's hands in her own.

"Listen, my dear. Six weeks ago who was your lover?"

A vivid glow leaped suddenly to Maude's face, and she turned away, as if annoyed at the query.

"No, you must confess to me, Maude. Tell me who, on the last picnic at the Pine Grove, was to you 'fairest among ten thousand'—who carried you captive by his elegance, his refinement, his intelligence, his chivalry?"

"Oh, you allude, I presume, to Justin St. John, but then——"

"Exactly; it was Justin St. John, the noblest fellow I ever saw. True, then you had not met Mr. Jameson."

"Lucy, you are cross. Haven't I a perfect right to marry John Jameson if I see fit?"

"Not unless you love him, Maude. You know you do not care a straw for him. You do not need me to tell you how truly you love Justin St. John, for your own heart whispers it. Maude, be true to your own womanhood. Give up all thought of the old man, because he has half a million, and betroth yourself to the lover who cannot offer you a fortune but his own priceless love."

Lucy's cheeks glowed as she spoke, enthusiastically and earnestly.

"It's all very well for you, Lucy Mordaunt, with a fortune at your command, to talk about love in a cottage, and all that sort of romance. But I—I am poor."

"And you will, then, marry a man old enough to be your grandfather because you are poor?"

And Maude Campbell's eyes flashed, as she returned the quick, impulsive answer, "I will."

It was a splendid apartment. The plate-glass windows were shaded by orange and white curtains that lay piled in gleaming golden beauty upon the carpet, the deep pile of which received Maude Campbell's light footfall and gave no returning echo.

With an impatient gesture she threw herself in the embrace of a capacious arm chair, and, her eyes lighted with anger, her cheeks flushed, her lips daintily apart, disclosing the pearls within, she gazed at the luxury around.

Flowing laces, rustling satins, drooping silks, clinging velvets, diamonds, carriages, servants, plate, dinners, admiration, envy—all these were the pictures that crowded through Maude Campbell's restless brain as she lay, half in dreams. A sudden spasm of intense pain throbbed over her face; then she sprang to her feet, holding her hands tightly over her heart.

"Lucy is right. I am bartering all that is dear to me—all I hold sacred—all that I love—for money, money!"

She went to the mirror—a tall, gold-framed glass, whose apex, surrounded by a winged serpent, with eyes of satanic allurement, reached the ceiling; whose base rested on a marble stand, which two cupids held on their dimpled shoulders. A flush of pardonable pride met her gaze as she viewed her reflection, and a glorious reflection it was. "Peerless" her lovers called her, and truly it was truth.

Suddenly a frown, first of thoughtfulness, then of sorrow, afterward of anger, crept over her brows; and with a gesture of impatience, she turned away from her review of herself.

"I know I am beautiful. People tell me so, and I can see it myself. And of what avail is it unless I can make my fortune by it? I may be pretty, but I am certainly poor; yes, indebted to a generous charity for the very shoes on my feet, the very food I daily eat!"

Her teeth closed with a very hiss, and she murmured to herself: "True, Mr. Mordaunt and little May have been father and sister to me, yet I am a dependent; they are simply almoners of their own bounty. I must be rich; I should die were I deprived of the luxuries, the elegances that have surrounded me since I was a tiny little girl."

She arose, and from a little invalid drawer drew forth a miniature portrait, and her eyes full of that eager, passionate light, pressed it to her lips.

"Justin, my darling, my darling, this is my last caress; it is my farewell! Oh, Justin, you never will know how my heart aches with love for you; how I long to have you fold me to your heart and tell me how you love me! Justin, my darling, I cannot marry you. You are poor and I am poor; and—and Mr. Jameson is worth half a million!"

With a trembling, icy hand, Maude closed the drawer; she paced the floor a second, clutching her own hands in agony of that unnatural sacrifice. Her heart gave many a superhuman struggle against the bond of slavery she unrelentingly cast about it; and the emotionless, bewilderingly fair and heartless Maude Campbell went forth to fight her way from love and content to riches and ambition.

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Above them the clear, blue sky, around them the leafless chestnuts, their brown arms all aglow with the glory of the setting autumn day; beneath them the leaf-strewn forest-path, where, in a perfect blaze of warmth and beauty, lay piles of orange, russet, crimson, and dull green foliage.

There the two stood alone with Nature in Nature's vast-aisled temple.

"Maude,"—and Justin St. John's voice came in a tenderly-loving manner, while his arm stole around her tapering waist—"Maude, my darling, the time has come when I can no longer refrain. I love you; I love you, Maude!"

He bowed to kiss her, his whole face lighted by hope and joy.

She wheeled aside, then looked up at him, her wondrous eyes filled with amazement.

"Why, Mr. St. John!"

That was all she said, but the flush on her cheek deepened, and the fire in her eye brightened.

"I may repeat it, then? Come to me, Maude, and let me hear you tell me that I am as dear to you as you are to me. Come, Maude."

She gently shook her head.

"Mr. St. John, you must not allow yourself to be mistaken. Forget what has passed, and let us finish our walk as we commenced it—good friends, and nothing more."

She extended her hand, and Justin St. John grasped it with a might that brought a cry of pain to her lips.

"Maude Campbell, you dare to set aside my offers of love? You who have taught me the sweet lesson—you, my teacher? Maude, what does it mean?"

His voice was full of quivering anguish.

Then, by a mighty effort, Maude silenced the loyal cry in heart, and looked coldly up at him.

"It means this—simply this. We never, as long as yon sun shines, can be more to each other than we are to-day—nor even as much, if you annoy me further."

Her voice was cold and calculating, for she was thinking of John Jameson and his half million; so that she did not see the contracted look of supreme pain that came over St. John's handsome face, and the white, haunting quiver of his mustached lip, as, for an instant, he bent beneath the sudden force of the unexpected blow.

"Then, Miss Campbell, we will return as we came. But may God keep me in this hour, when the woman I love tells me that I annoy her by offering her as honest, as true a love as man ever possessed."

Homeward they went, while the sun sank lower and lower, while a damp chill succeeded the genial warmth of the air, and, as they silently, gravely bowed adieu at the house door, a sudden gust of wind, fresh from the dim forest aisles, came shrieking upon them like a wail of despair to both their bleeding hearts.

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The glory of the autumn had given way to the frost king; and from the window of Lady Mordaunt's palatial home cheerily streamed broad banners of ruddy light over the snow, while within all was gaiety and revelry.

Maude Campbell was there, queen of grace and beauty, as usual, surrounded by her admirers as a sovereign by her courtiers.

Lucy Mordaunt, gentle and lovely, had her time employed as hostess, while Maude entertained a large portion of the guests.

"Lucy," and Maude's voice came in a confidential whisper to Miss Mordaunt, "let's run to the library to rest a moment or so; that last dance has fatigued me wonderfully."

Arm-in-arm the ladies passed into the library.

With a weary sigh, Maude threw herself into an arm-chair.

"Oh, Lucy, I am so tired—not of our party, but the people—almost of life!"

Her face was grieved and bitter in its expression.

"What! not the envied Miss Campbell talking in that strain, so melancholic and forlorn?" and Lucy leaned her sun-bright head against Maude's shoulder.

"What nonsense! And yet, Lucy, dear, when I see you, so full of hope, and joy, and animation, I think to myself, she has all the things to live for, I none."

She spoke very bitterly.

"You none, beautiful Maude?"

"Yes, I have cast away all that I ever did—ever will care for. Lucy, you little think that I rejected Justin St. John last October?"

"No, Maude!"

"I did. I repeat it. I loved him! Oh, Father in heaven, how I loved him! But, Lucy, I must marry a rich man—I must barter all I hold dear for the love of ease that governs me with a power that I cannot withstand! Lucy, I hate him! I loathe him! I despise him, But I am going to accept John Jameson when he proffers me his hand, and all because that hand offers me a fortune. He will die! he must die! and then who knows what his rich young widow can do?"

There was a fearful tension in her voice—a bright glitter in her eyes that frightened timid Lucy.

"Maude, you must not. You are wicked to talk so. If you have spurned Mr. St. John, it was your own fault. If you marry Mr. Jameson, you must learn to respect—to love him!"

"Never! the childish dotard! I Maude Campbell, to fall in love with John Jameson! It is his fortune, Lucy!"

With the same steely ring in her tones, she returned to the saloon.

Half an hour later Mr. Jameson, with all the gallantry of a youth of twenty, begged her to grant him an interview the next morning.

She allowed it, and the pleasure seekers retired to their homes.

* * * *

Arrayed in her tasty morning robe, Maude proceeded to the parlor to greet her lover.

"It has come," she thought, as descending the stairs she caught a glimpse of his bowed form, as he chatted with Lucy Mordaunt, who sat sketching by the window.

As Maude entered the door, Lucy gracefully excused herself, and went into the inner parlor.

"Miss Cambell—Miss Maude, if I may presume to say it," and Mr. Jameson made his most delightful salaam—"I need hardly mention the object of my call this morning. My intention was to offer you my heart, my hand, my name and my fortune."

He paused, and, if Maude noticed the dubiousness of his words, she only bowed respectfully.

"But, Miss Maude, so old a dotard as I, whom you loathe, hate, despise, would be very presumptuous to do it. Therefore, Miss Maude, I announce the object of my call to be an errand of thanks—sincere, grateful thanks to you that, when you discussed this subject so freely to Miss Mordaunt last evening in the library, you spoke sufficiently loud for me, in the next room, to get the benefit of it. I rejoice, though my dream is over"—here his voice trembled, in spite of himself—"I awoke before it was too late."

He bowed adieu, and was gone ere Maude in her speechless surprise and mortification, was aware of his departure.

With a cry of pain and rage, she ran to the window to see him descending the steps.

"My dream, too, is over. Fate seems determined to deny me wealth, so I'll make the best of it. I can obtain love, though." And her love came quicker, as she thought of Justin St. John. "He loves me still, I know he does. Justin, darling, you shall be mine yet!"

Her face beaming with delightful hope, Maude stepped to the door of the adjoining parlor. Voices arrested her attention, and she stopped. The door was ajar; she could listen; she could hear; she could see; she did see.

"Lucy, I know it had only been a couple of months since Maude rejected my suit. But I have learned to be thankful for my escape from her mercenary hands. I have learned to forget her; and, Lucy, my own true little girl, I have learned to love you as I never loved Maude Campbell. Darling, may I place this ring on your finger—may I call you mine—my very own, for ever?"

"Your very own, for ever, Justin St. John!"

He silently placed a sparkling jewel over her plump little finger.

"They are diamonds, my pet, of the purest water. I am not Justin St. John, the poor man, though as a poor man I have won my prize. I am Justin St. John, the millionaire, whose money can outbuy Mr. Jameson twice over.

Maude Campbell heard the words. Her face grew deadly pale, and, with a shiver that shook her heartstrings and a sigh that almost carried away her breath, she turned silently away, a lone woman.

We cut from an exchange the following statement: There is not now living a single descendant in the male line of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Cowley, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Goldsmith, Scott, Byron, Moore, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Drake, Cromwell, Hampden, Monk, Peterborough, Nelson, Stafford, Ormond, Clarendon, Addison, Swift, Johnson, Walpole, Bollingbroke, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Grattan, Canning, Bacon, Locke, Newton, Davy, Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, David Garrick, or Edmund Kean.

Wild Men and Tame Snakes.

A traveler writes: In the island of Rhio the resident assured me there were wild men who lived in trees, and had no language but cries; and in Sumatra, the resident of Palembang said there were men who lived in the forests, with whom not only the Europeans, but even the Malays, could have no intercourse. He himself had never seen one. Yet, strange to say, they have a petty traffic with the outer world, yet not through the medium of speech. They live in the woods and live by the chase. They hunt tigers, not with the gun, but with arrows, which they blow out of a tube with such force, and which are so keen of point, and touched with such deadly poison, that it is almost immediately fatal. These tigers' skins or elephants tusks they bring for barter—not for sale—for they never sell anything, for money is about the most useless thing they could have. They cannot eat it or drink it or wear it. But, as they have wants, they exchange; yet they themselves are never seen. They bring what they have to the edge of the forest and leave it there, and the Malays come and place what they have to dispose of and retire. If the offer is satisfactory, when they return again they find what they brought gone, and take what is left and depart. If not, they add a few trifles more to tempt the eyes of these wild men of the woods, and so at last the exchange is effected, all the while the sellers keep themselves invisible.

If the elephants are uncomfortable neighbors, there are others that are more so—the reptiles, which abound here in India. But familiarity breeds contempt or indifference. The people are not afraid of them, and hardly notice them, but speak of them in an easy sort of way, as if they were the most harmless things in nature—poor innocent creatures, which might almost be pets in the family, and allowed to run about at their will. Soberly, there are certain domestic snakes which are indulged with these liberties. Said Mr. K.:

"I was once visiting in Sumatra, and spending a night at the house of a friend, I heard a noise overhead and asked, 'What is that?'"

"Oh, nothing," they said, "it's only the serpent."

"What! do you keep a family snake?"

"Yes," they said; "It was a large black snake which frequented the house, and as it did no mischief and hunted the rats they let it roam about wherever it liked."

Thinking this rather a big story, with which our friend might practice on the credulity of a stranger, I turned to the resident of Palembang, who confirmed it. He said this domestication of serpents was not uncommon.

There was a kind of boa that was very useful as an exterminator of rats, and for this purpose the good Dutch housekeepers allowed it to crawl about or to lie coiled up in the pantry. Sometimes this interesting member of the family was stretched out on the veranda to bask in the sun—a pleasant object to any stranger who might be invited to accept hospitality.

Words of Wisdom.

He that has no friend and no enemy is one of the vulgar, and without talents, powers, or energy.

Conscience, be it ever so little a worm while we live, grows suddenly to a serpent on our death-bed.

Franklin says, "A poor man must work to find meat for his stomach, a rich one to find stomach for meat."

The unpleasant sensation that is produced by modesty, is amply compensated by the prepossession it creates in our favor.

He who has guineas for his subjects, is, unfortunately, the king of most men.

A man may start at impending danger or wince at the sensation of pain; and yet he may be a true philosopher and not be afraid of death.

A passionate man should be regarded with the same caution as a loaded blunderbuss, which may unexpectedly go off and do us an injury.

Too much sensibility creates unhappiness; and too much insensibility creates crime.

He who surpasses or subdues mankind, must look down on the fate of those below.

The pitying tears and fond smiles of women are like the showers and sunshine of spring.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much—Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

If you wish to keep your enemies from knowing any harm of you, don't let your friends know any.

The epicure, the drunkard, and the man of loose morals are equally contemptible; though the brutes obey instinct, they never exceed the bounds of moderation; and besides, it is beneath the dignity of man to place felicity in the service of his senses.

Bulgarian Funeral Practice.

When the head of a Bulgarian family perceives that he is about to die, he sends for the priest, and begins to bargain with him about the cost of his funeral. The moment he dies, all the pots, pans and kettles in the house are turned upside down, to prevent his soul taking refuge in any one of them, and great care is taken to prevent man or animal—especially a cat or dog—from stepping across his body, as otherwise, in the opinion of his family, he would turn into a vampire, and be a continual nuisance to them and to their neighbors. The body is buried without any coffin in a shallow grave, and left there for three years, during which time many offerings of food and wine are placed upon it. At the end of the third year, the bones of the dead man are dug up, carefully washed, put into a linen bag, laid before the altar in the village church; and after receiving the blessing of the priest, are finally buried for good.

THE NEZ PERCES WAR.

A Review of the Great Indian War with Chief Joseph, Showing How it Began and Giving an Account of the Various Engagements Fought Up to the Surrender of the Hostiles—A Remarkable Running Fight Across Over 700 Miles of Territory.

The war with the Nez Perces, happily brought to an end by the surrender of Chief Joseph and his band to General Miles, was begun last June, and originated in an effort to turn Chief Joseph and his band from the Wallowa valley, in the northeastern part of Oregon, to one of the reservations for the Nez Perces, Lapwai or Lapway reservation, which is in the northwest part of Idaho, near the boundaries of Washington Territory, Oregon and Idaho. It is said that there were 900 Nez Perces in the Wallowa valley. They were non-treaty Indians, although they belonged to the same tribe as those on the reservations, and their country having been opened to settlement, it was thought necessary to put them on a reservation. Hostilities were brought about before the removal of the Indians to the reservation by a murder committed by a white man avenged by the Indians. The murder of settlers began June 14th, and in five days twenty-nine had been killed. Chief Joseph's band was reinforced by disaffected Indians from other tribes, and Gen. Howard who was at Fort Lapwai with about 800 troops, estimated the strength of the Indians at 1,500. Col. Perry was sent from Fort Lapwai with 200 soldiers to prevent the Indians under Joseph from penetrating the Southern Idaho, where the chief settlements are. Col. Perry came up with the Indians June 17th, near the Salmon river, which flows west into Snake river, forty miles below Lapwai, and was defeated by numbers, losing one officer and thirty-three men. The Indians crossed the Salmon river, with Gen. Howard, joined by Col. Perry, in pursuit. Civilians joined the small body of soldiers, but on account of a want of arms and ammunition, added little to the effective strength of the force. In the meantime, Joseph received, probably, as many recruits from renegade Indians. General Howard overtook Chief Joseph on White Bird creek, on June 27th, but the Indians being well-posted were not attacked, and slipped away. Colonel Whipple caught a detachment of them under Looking Glass, on the Clearwater river (north of Salmon river), July 2, and had a skirmish with them, killing seventeen Indians. He subsequently came to the relief of Colonel Perry, who, while on his way to Cottonwood, near Mount Idaho, on the Salmon river, with thirty men, was attacked by Indians and lost one officer, ten enlisted men and two citizen scouts. The trap which General Howard had prepared for them failed to hold them. Chief Joseph with his band had recrossed the Salmon river, and breaking through the cavalry lines had started eastwardly for the Bitter Root valley, Montana, threatening to clean out the settlers and the peaceful Flathead Indians on reservation there.

Now commenced the "stern chase" across a mountainous broken country filled with deep canyons, making wide detours necessary and admirably fitted for defensive Indian warfare. Volunteer troops were called for and all available forces sent to General Howard. On July 11 General Howard overtook the Indians and a fight ensued, in which eleven enlisted men were killed and twenty-nine wounded, the number of Indians killed being variously stated at from seven to thirteen. Another fight, on the 17th of July, resulted in the killing of two scouts and the wounding of two enlisted men. In the meantime preparations were made to intercept the Indians in their retreat from Howard. General Gibbon, with less than two hundred infantry, left Missoula, Montana, which is north of the Bitter Root country, early in August, and on the ninth of that month had a severe engagement with the Indians. At Big Hole, Montana, he captured the hostile camp, but lost three officers, seventeen soldiers and five citizens killed, while he, four other officers, thirty-six soldiers and four citizens were wounded. The Indians fled at night, leaving forty of their dead on the battle-field. Gen. Howard arrived on the 11th, but without his command, and subsequently resumed the pursuit. Chief Joseph and his band now made a wide detour to the south, followed by General Howard, who reached Virginia City August 24; and six companies of his troops, under Gen. Sturgis, moved at the same time up the Yellowstone river to the east, and therefore "in front" of the Indians. While in the neighborhood of Virginia City the Indians stole many horses, frightened the settlers into the city and then disappeared. Nothing more was heard of the Indians for some time, except that straggling bands were murdering settlers and tourists and committing depredations near the Yellowstone river. General Sturgis engaged the Indians September 13, near Clark's Fork and the Yellowstone river, and pursued them for two succeeding days. Three of his officers were killed, and four soldiers killed and twelve wounded. Twenty dead Indians were found on the field, and probably more were killed, while the number of their wounded was estimated at sixty. Several scouts belonging to Gen. Sturgis' command were also killed and wounded.

At this time, Generals Howard and Merritt were on the flanks of Joseph's force. The Indians were so hard pressed that they abandoned many of their horses, and Gen. Sturgis' men, pressing forward without supplies, lived for several days on mule meat. The Indians had now turned to the north, and were evidently making for British Columbia, where they expected to join Sitting Bull and escape from a merciless pursuit. But General Miles, colonel commanding the Fifth Infantry, struck a fresh trail of the Nez Perces coming out of Bear Paw mountains, and in the morning of September 30 attacked the camp. The engagement was a severe one, and although the Indians were surprised and their herd captured, the troops suffered severely. Twenty-four of the soldiers were killed and forty-four wounded, the Indians losing seventeen killed and forty wounded. Bear Paw mountain, where the fight took place, is a range about twenty miles long, forty-eight miles from Fort Benton, Montana, which is on the Missouri river and not far from the British boundary.

The Indians, after the fight of September 30, were closely invested in deep ravines, and Gen. Miles determined to wear them out rather than sacrifice his men in costly assaults. Only four men were lost in the subsequent operations of closely investing the enemy, and on October 5, Chief Joseph surrendered unconditionally with the remnant of the band under him, which numbered about sixty warriors. Forty wounded warriors were found in the camp.

The Bear Paw mountains, where Chief Joseph surrendered, are not less than three hundred miles in an air line from Lapwai, whence Chief Joseph started on his running fight, and, by the route he pursued, he probably traveled from seven hundred to nine hundred miles, over a country filled with ravines and water courses and obstructed by rocks, offering great obstacles to the movement of organized troops.

Russian Homes in the Northwest.

A correspondent says: I have seen a young Russian couple newly arrived on their claim, working like beavers in the fine autumn weather to build their humble home. They had bought a cow, a yoke of oxen, a wagon, provisions, some boards, doors and windows, and a plow at Yankton, Dakota, on their arrival from Russia; then hauled the load to their claim and lived in their wagon till the house was built. Peter selects a house-site by a low swale where the tall grass shows the rich black soil below; cuts the turf off an area of twenty feet square with his plow, and removes it; digs a water hole near by, then yokes his oxen to the wagon and goes around on the higher swells gathering boulders of convenient size for the walls. Meanwhile, Katrina is not idle. She throws pails of water on the bare turfless spot, cuts armfuls of long tough grass to scatter over it, then leads her cow by the rope around and around and across it till their feet have made a mass of thick deep mud. Fresh quantities of water are added, and grass enough to give tenacity to the mass. Then Peter, as stone-mason, and Katrina as his "tender," lay up the walls of stone and mortar, thick and solid enough to withstand the storms of the next ten years. roof, door and windows are added, and their warm cottage has cost them next to nothing.

But how about their fuel? Prairie grass again comes to the rescue. When a Russian family prepares for cold weather, they provide a large supply of the coarse, rank growth of the swales. But this would be a wretched sort of fuel to burn loosely in a common stove. It needs a Russian stove and special preparation for burning. Peter and Katrina do not buy an iron cook stove. They build in the center of their house a large sort of stove, oven, and range combined, of the same stone work and mud mortar as before described. This edifice, in the house of a large family, is about six or eight feet square, and is fearfully and wonderfully made. It has several compartments. The fire-box, where the grass is burned, is capacious, and twice a day is stuffed with grass, twisted into compact twists. Very little air being supplied, it burns slowly, and requires renewing at long intervals; but the stone structure gives out heat enough to warm the house abundantly. There are other compartments in the stove for baking and cooking, and on top of the whole is a capital hot place to sleep in a cold night. Then when the wintry storms lay an embargo on all teaming and travel, the boys have only to go to the convenient hay-ricks for an unfailing supply of good fuel, which has cost nothing but labor; and the cost in labor has been far less to men and teams than that of cutting and hauling wood, even when close at hand.

How He Judged the Town.

About a week ago, says the Jefferson City (Mo.) *Journal*, a gentleman from Tennessee, representing a capital of $20,000, in search of a location at which to engage in business, gave us a call, and after stating his mission "West," asked to look at our paper. We handed him the morning *Journal*. To our surprise he did not stop to read our newsy local "pick ups," or our attractive editorial page, but he turned at once to the advertising columns and commenced counting over their spaces.

"Well," said he glancing up from the paper, "is that all? Is that the business of this town?"

"Oh, no," said we, "here is the *Tribune* with a few advertisements that do not appear in the *Journal*."

He then counted two additional local business advertisements in the *Tribune* and again looked up with the remark:

"And that's all, is it? Why you haven't got near as much of a town as I thought you had."

And then we explained to him that we have a great many business men who do not advertise.

"They are not business men to hurt if they don't advertise," was his answer.

We could not contradict him, and we were powerless to vindicate the "claims of the city."

He left us, saying if he had time he would look around, but he thought this was no place for him.

The character that needs law to mend it is hardly worth the tinkering.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Recipes.

APPLE JELLY.—Take nice, tart, juicy apples—Fall Pippins are nice—quarter, and if the cores are at all defective remove them; boil, with just enough water to cover them, until tender; turn into a cotton bag and drain three or four hours; to each pint of juice add one pound of sugar and the juice of a small lemon; boil twenty or twenty-five minutes. In making jelly, always skim whenever there is anything to remove, and it is always best to test it before pouring out. A good way is to drop a little into a glass of cold water, and if it falls to the bottom at once it is done.

SCOTCH COLLOPS.—Get two pounds of round of steak, chopped fine; put in a frying-pan a lump of butter half the size of an egg; melt, dredge in a little flour, brown, and then put a cupful of water or more; stir to make a gravy; chop up an onion, put it in; then put in beefsteak; stir often, and cook twenty minutes.

MOLASSES LEMON PIE.—One cupful sugar, one cupful molasses, one cupful water, one and a half tablespoonfuls flour, two lemons and one egg. This makes one pie.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Three tablespoonfuls of tapioca, cover it with luke-warm water, soak two or three hours; one quart of milk, let it boil; stir the tapioca in the milk, then the eggs and sugar, and let it boil. Flavor with vanilla when cold.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Peel onions—the smallest that can be found—put in a strong salt and water brine for forty-eight hours, then freshen twelve hours. Put in jars or bottles, as many as can be packed in, then fill with the best cider-vinegar, cold. These will keep for years, and keep white and crisp.

STEWED TRIPE.—Cut in small pieces one pound of tripe, half a quart each of potatoes and onions, and put them in layers in a pot, seasoning them with one tablespoonful of salt, and one level teaspoonful of pepper; mix quarter of a pound of flour with water, gradually using three pints of water, and pour it over the stew; put the pot over the fire and boil it gently for an hour and a half. —*Miss Corson.*

Dairy Hints.

First get the best cows—not of those races which have been bred with reference to making butchers' meat—but of Ayrshires or Jerseys, which have been bred especially for milk and butter. Cross thorough-bred bulls of these upon native cows, noted for giving good milk and lots of it, and save the heifers which bear the marks of good milkers—broad hips, deep flanks, fine hair, good escutcheon, yellow skin, especially in the ear, etc. Next, feed well. A cow should be in good condition when she calves, that her first flow of milk should be abundant—and it should never be checked by insufficient food, because, once checked, it is rarely recovered again with the same calf. Before calving, good grass, with a little meal, say two quarts per day, or good hay, with same amount of meal, will keep a cow in most excellent condition. A few days before calving, substitute peas for meal, and her bag will not be liable to injury after calving. During the milking period, let her rations be peas and meal, two of the former to one of the latter—or two of bran to one of meal, and a plenty of good grass or hay. The peas and bran may be alternated with decided advantage. A cow is at her best when from six to twelve years old.—*Indiana Farmer.*

Keeping Winter Vegetables.

After the farmers, those we mean who cultivate gardens, raise a good supply of vegetables, they often fail to realize the full benefit of their labor from a lack of knowledge how to keep them. This especially is the case with squashes and that class of vegetables that require to be kept comparatively warm and dry. It is quite usual for them to put them in a pile in the cellar, and then wonder that they rot.

Squashes, pumpkins and all that class of vegetables require: first, an absence of light; second, a dry temperature not exceeding fifty-five or sixty degrees, and third, to be so placed that one does not come in contact with another. Thus Hubbard and other hard-shelled varieties may be kept until May or even June.

For use until February, they will keep tolerably well in a dry cellar, placed on shelves, Boston marrow being the first to decay. The turban—by the way, to our mind, one of the best of the winter varieties, especially for baking—will often keep in the cellar until March. Those only to be kept for use later, need be treated to the dry, cool closet. It will pay, for in the latter part of winter and early spring there is a dearth of vegetable food on the farm, that makes such articles especially valuable.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Turkish Executions.

An Adrianople correspondent of an English paper writes: As we walked about the town the other morning we could not avoid coming upon five street executions, and witnessing the whole disgusting proceedings, not that they were to me any novelty, for during the two or three days I was in Adrianople it seemed as if I could never get out of sight of men dangling in the air. As soon as a likely-looking shop is reached, say one with sun blinds supported with brackets, the officer cries "Halt," and a soldier, carrying a stool and a rope, steps on one side and arranges the latter over the bracket. The man steps on to the stool, the noose is placed around his neck, and he is drawn off his feet. There is no drop, but in every case, I am told, the poor wretch dies just as those we saw did—that is to say, instantaneously, and apparently with little pain, being, in fact, choked instead of having the neck broken.

Items of Interest.

Let another's shipwreck be your seamark.

New Madrid, Mo., claims to be the geographical center of the earthquake circle. Glad to hear it—shake.

Mr. Delaine has retired from the editorship of the London *Times*, after holding the position thirty-seven years.

The cornucopia and the Texas steer are similar, in that one is the horn of plenty, and the other is plenty of horn.

An old horse, which has run loose in the streets of Marblehead for some time, deliberately committed suicide on a recent evening by walking overboard from one of the wharfs.

One of the most interesting objects destroyed in the Patent Office fire at Washington was Whitney's cotton gin the invention of which built up the cotton trade of the South.

A boy undertook to torture a wasp by touching a lighted match to it body. The wasp applied its warm side to the boy's hand, and as it flew away it gave the boy these words of wisdom, "Never try to beat a man at his own game."

A Baltimore lawyer sued his minister for a fee of $50 for legal services, and the jury found that he was worthy of his hire. The clergyman testified that he consulted him as a friend and a member of his congregation, and that he did not expect to be charged for it.

Sweet is childhood—childhood's over,
Kiss and part.
Sweet is youth, but youth's a rover,
So's my heart.
Sweet is rest, but all by showing
Toil is nigh.
We must go. Alas, the going
Say "Good-bye."

Some sheep belonging to a farmer named Smith having been stolen in the neighborhood of a village, while the thief was undiscovered, a local preacher, having a collection to make, thought he would turn the event to good account, so he said: "We have a collection to make this morning, and, for the glory of heaven, whichever of you stole Mr. Smith's sheep, don't put anything on the plate." Of course everybody joined in the collection.

American Beauties.

The *Home Journal* says: Of American beauties in Europe who have graced with their elegance the far-famed Spa none rank higher than the Misses Merrill, daughters of the Hon. A. P. Merrill, Minister to Belgium. They have been poetically called "Night and Morning." Miss Minnie Merrill, the former, is a perfect brunette of the Spanish type, and is spoken of as one of the handsomest brunettes in America. "Morning," Miss Katherine Merrill, is not a perfect blonde, but in this imperfection lies her great charm. Her lustrous brown eyes are so full of expression and her hair of the shade Titian loved to paint. In the casino or ball room of Spa she held undisputed sway, and her dancing has been called the very poetry of motion. They left Spa with their father and family by a special car for Paris, on account of Minister Merrill's health. *On dit* they will spend the winter in Nice, if their father's condition does not improve. Miss Bayley, of Virginia, who deserves justly her reputation for great beauty, is also an ornament to that watering place.

Howard, the Philanthropist.

Howard, the philanthropist, was singular in many of the habits of life; for instance, he preferred damp sheets, linen and clothes to dry ones, and, both riding and going to bed, swathed himself with coarse towels dipped in the coldest water he could get. In that state he remained half an hour, and then threw them off, refreshed and invigorated, as he said, beyond measure. He never put on a great coat in the coldest countries, nor had been a minute under or over the time of an appointment, so far as it depended upon himself, for six and twenty years. He never continued at a place or with a person a single day beyond the period prefixed for going in his whole life, and he had not for the last sixteen years of his existence ate any fish, flesh or fowl, nor sat down to his simple fare of tea, milk and rusks in all that time. His journeys were continued from prison to prison, from one group of wretched beings to another, night and day; and where he could not go with a carriage he would ride, and where that was hazardous he would walk. Such a thing as obstruction was out of the question.

A Numerical Curiosity.

Any number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5 will give the same result if divided by 2—a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a 0 to the answer when there is no remainder, and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex a 5 to the answer. Multiply 464 by 5, and the answer will be 2,320; divide the same by 2, and you have 232, and, as there is no remainder, you add a 0. Now, take 359, multiply by 5, the answer is 1,795; and dividing this by 2, there is 179 and a remainder; you therefore place a 5 at the end of the line, and the result is again 1,795.

Bad Breath.

Offensive breath can be easily got rid of, for from six to eight drops of the concentrated solution of chloride of soda in a wineglassful of pure, fresh water, taken immediately after the ablutions of the morning are completed, will sweeten the breath by disinfecting the stomach, which, far from being injured, will be benefited by the medicine. If necessary, this may be repeated in the middle of the day. In some cases, the odor from carious teeth is combined with that of the stomach. If the mouth is well rinsed with a teaspoonful of the solution of the chloride in a tumbler of water, the bad odor of the teeth will be removed.